

Frontispice.



Lud. Du Guernier inv.

C. Du Bose sculp.

THE
R A P E of the *L O C K*,

A N
HEROICOMICAL
P O E M.

In FIVE CANTO'S.

Written by Mr. POPE.

— *A tonsō est hoc nomen adepta capillo.*
OVID.

L O N D O N :

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T O

Mrs. *ARABELLA FERMOR.*

MADAM,



T will be in vain to deny that I have some Value for this Piece, since I Dedicate it to You. Yet You may bear me Witness, it was intended only to divert a few young Ladies

A 2

Ladies

E P I S T L E.

Ladies, who have good Sense and good Humour enough, to laugh not only at their Sex's little unguarded Follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the Air of a Secret, it soon found its Way into the World. An imperfect Copy having been offer'd to a Bookseller, You had the Good-Nature for my Sake to consent to the Publication of one more correct : This I was forc'd to be-fore I had executed half my Design, for the *Machinery* was entirely wanting to compleat it.

The *Machinery*, Madam, is a Term invented by the Criticks, to signify that Part which the Deities, Angels, or Dæmons, are made to act in a Poem : For the ancient Poets are in one respect like
many

E P I S T L E.

many modern Ladies ; Let an Action be never so trivial in it self, they always make it appear of the utmost Importance. These Machines I determin'd to raise on a very new and odd Foundation, the *Rosicrucian* Doctrine of Spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard Words before a Lady; but 'tis so much the Concern of a Poet to have his Works understood, and particularly by your Sex, that You must give me leave to explain two or three difficult Terms.

The *Rosicrucians* are a People I must bring You acquainted with. The best Account I know of them is in a French Book call'd *Le Comte de Gabalis*, which
both

E P I S T L E.

both in its Title and Size is so like a *Novel*, that many of the Fair Sex have read it for one by Mistake. According to these Gentlemen, the four Elements are inhabited by Spirits, which they call *Sylphs*, *Gnomes*, *Nymphs*, and *Salamanders*. The *Gnomes*, or Dæmons of Earth, delight in Mischief; but the *Sylphs*, whose Habitation is Air, are the best-condition'd Creatures imaginable. For they say, any Mortals may enjoy the most intimate Familiarities with these gentle Spirits, upon a Condition very easie to all true *Adepts*, an inviolate Preservation of Chastity.

As to the following Canto's, all the Passages of them are as Fabulous, as the Vision at the Beginning, or the Transformation at the End; (except the Loss of
your

E P I S T L E.

your Hair, which I always name with Re-
verence.) The Human Persons are as Ficti-
tious as the Airy ones; and the Character
of *Belinda*, as it is now manag'd, resem-
bles You in nothing but in Beauty.

If this Poem had as many Graces as
there are in Your Person, or in Your Mind,
yet I could never hope it should pass thro'
the World half so Uncensured as You have
done. But let its Fortune be what it will,
mine is happy enough, to have given me
this Occasion of assuring You that I am,
with the truest Esteem,

Madam,

Your Most Obedient

Humble Servant.

A. P O P E.





Canto 1.



Lud. Du Guernier inv.

C. Du Bose sculp.



THE
RAPE *of the* LOCK.

CANTO I.



WHAT dire Offence from am'rous
Causes springs,
What mighty Quarrels rise from
trivial Things,

I sing — This Verse to *C---l*, Muse! is due ;
This, ev'n *Belinda* may vouchsafe to view :
Slight is the Subject, but not so the Praise,
If She inspire, and He approve my Lays.

B

Say

Say what strange Motive, Goddess! cou'd compel
 A well-bred *Lord* t'assault a gentle *Belle*?
 Oh say what stranger Cause, yet unexplor'd,
 Cou'd make a gentle *Belle* reject a *Lord*?
 And dwells such Rage in softest Bosoms then?
 And lodge such daring Souls in Little Men?

Sol thro' white Curtains did his Beams display,
 And op'd those Eyes which brighter shine than they;
 Now *Shock* had giv'n himself the rowzing Shake,
 And Nymphs prepar'd their *Chocolate* to take;
 'Thrice the wrought Slipper knock'd against the
 Ground,
 And striking Watches the tenth Hour resound.
Belinda still her downy Pillow prest,
 Her Guardian *Sylph* prolong'd the balmy Rest.
 'Twas he had summon'd to her silent Bed
 The Morning Dream that hover'd o'er her Head.
 A Youth more glitt'ring than a *Birth-night Beau*,
 (That ev'n in Slumber caus'd her Cheek to glow)
 Seem'd

Seem'd to her Ear his winning Lips to lay,
And thus in Whispers said, or seem'd to say.

Fairest of Mortals, thou distinguish'd Care
Of thousand bright Inhabitants of Air!
If e'er one Vision touch'd thy infant Thought,
Of all the Nurse and all the Priest have taught,
Of airy Elves by Moonlight Shadows seen,
The silver Token, and the circled Green,
Or Virgins visited by Angel-Pow'rs, [Flow'rs,
With Golden Crowns and Wreaths of heav'nly
Hear and believe! thy own Importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow Views to Things below.
Some secret Truths from Learned Pride conceal'd,
To Maids alone and Children are reveal'd:
What tho' no Credit doubting Wits may give?
The Fair and Innocent shall still believe.
Know then, unnumber'd Spirits round thee fly,
The light *Militia* of the lower Sky;

These, tho' unseen, are ever on the Wing,
Hang o'er the *Box*, and hover round the *Ring*.
'Think what an Equipage thou hast in Air,
And view with scorn *Two Pages* and a *Chair*.
As now your own, our Beings were of old,
And once inclos'd in Woman's beauteous Mold;
'Thence, by a soft Transition, we repair
From earthly Vehicles to these of Air.
Think not, when Woman's transient Breath is fled,
That all her Vanities at once are dead :
Succeeding Vanities she still regards,
And tho' she plays no more, o'erlooks the Cards.
Her Joy in gilded Chariots, when alive,
And Love of *Ombre*, after Death survive.
For when the Fair in all their Pride expire,
To their first Elements the Souls retire :
The Sprights of fiery Termagants in Flame
Mount up, and take a *Salamander's* Name.
Soft yielding Minds to Water glide away,
And sip with *Nymphs*, their Elemental Tea.

The graver Prude sinks downward to a *Gnome*,
In search of Mischief still on Earth to roam.
The light Coquettes in *Sylphs* aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the Fields of Air.

Know farther yet; Whoever fair and chaste
Rejects Mankind, is by some *Sylph* embrac'd:
For Spirits, freed from mortal Laws, with ease
Assume what Sexes and what Shapes they please.
What guards the Purity of melting Maids,
In Courtly Balls, and Midnight Masquerades,
Safe from the treach'rous Friend, and daring Spark,
The Glance by Day, the Whisper in the Dark;
When kind Occasion prompts their warm Desires,
When Musick softens, and when Dancing fires?
'Tis but their *Sylph*, the wise Celestials know,
Tho' *Honour* is the Word with Men below.

Some Nymphs there are, too conscious of their ^{[Face,}
For Life predestin'd to the *Gnomes* Embrace.

Who swell their Prospects and exalt their Pride,
 When Offers are disdain'd, and Love deny'd.
 Then gay Ideas crowd the vacant Brain; [Train,
 While Peers and Dukes, and all their sweeping
 And Garters, Stars, and Coronets appear,
 And in soft Sounds, *Your Grace* salutes their Ear.
 'Tis these that early taint the Female Soul,
 Instruct the Eyes of young *Coquettes* to roll,
 Teach Infants Cheeks a bidden Blush to know,
 And little Hearts to flutter at a *Beau*.

Oft when the World imagine Women stray,
 The *Sylphs* thro' mystick Mazes guide their Way,
 Thro' all the giddy Circle they pursue,
 And old Impertinence expel by new.
 What tender Maid but must a Victim fall
 To one Man's Treat, but for another's Ball?
 When *Florio* speaks, what Virgin could withstand,
 If gentle *Damon* did not squeeze her Hand?

With

With varying Vanities, from ev'ry Part,
They shift the moving Toyshop of their Heart;
Where Wigs with Wigs, with Sword-knots ^{[knots strive,} Sword-
Beaus banish Beaus, and Coaches Coaches drive.
This erring Mortals Levity may call,
Oh blind to Truth! the *Sylphs* contrive it all.

Of these am I, who thy Protection claim,
A watchful Sprite, and *Ariel* is my Name.
Late, as I rang'd the Crystal Wilds of Air,
In the clear Mirror of thy ruling *Star*
I saw, alas! some dread Event impend,
E're to the Main this Morning's Sun descend.
But Heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where:
Warn'd by thy *Sylph*, oh Pious Maid beware!
This to disclose is all thy Guardian can.
Beware of all, but most beware of Man!

He said; when *Shock*, who thought she slept too ^{[long,}
Leapt up, and wak'd his Mistress with his Tongue.

'Twas then *Belinda* ! if Report say true,
Thy Eyes first open'd on a *Billet-doux* ;
Wounds, Charms, and Ardors, were no sooner read,
But all the Vision vanish'd from thy Head.

And now, unveil'd, the *Toilet* stands display'd,
Each Silver Vase in mystic Order laid.
First, rob'd in White, the Nymph intent adores
With Head uncover'd, the *Cosmetic Pow'rs*.
A heav'nly Image in the Glafs appears,
To that she bends, to that her Eyes she rears ;
Th' inferior Priestess, at her Altar's side,
Trembling, begins the sacred Rites of Pride.
Unnumber'd Treasures ope at once, and here
The various Off'rings of the World appear ;
From each she nicely culls with curious Toil,
And decks the Goddess with the glitt'ring Spoil.
This Casket *India's* glowing Gems unlocks,
And all *Arabia* breaths from yonder Box.

The Tortoise here and Elephant unite,
Transform'd to *Combs*, the speckled and the white.
Here Files of Pins extend their shining Rows,
Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux.
Now awful Beauty puts on all its Arms ;
The Fair each moment rises in her Charms,
Repairs her Smiles, awakens ev'ry Grace,
And calls forth all the Wonders of her Face ;
Sees by Degrees a purer Blush arise,
And keener Lightnings quicken in her Eyes.
The busy *Sylphs* surround their darling Care ;
These set the Head, and those divide the Hair,
Some fold the Sleeve, while others plait the Gown ;
And *Betty's* prais'd for Labours not her own.

T H E

THE
RAPE of the LOCK.

CANTO II.

NOT with more Glories, in th' *Ethereal Plain*,
The Sun first rises o'er the *purpled Main*,
Than issuing forth, the Rival of his Beams
Lanch'd on the Bosom of the *Silver Thames*.
Fair Nymphs, and well-drest Youths around her
But ev'ry Eye was fix'd on her alone. [shone,
On her white Breast a sparkling *Cross* she wore,
Which *Jews* might kiss, and *Infidels* adore.

Her

Canto 2.



Lud. Du Guernier inv.

C. Du Bose sculp.



Her lively Looks a sprightly Mind disclose,
Quick as her Eyes, and as unfix'd as those:
Favours to none, to all she Smiles extends,
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the Sun, her Eyes the Gazers strike,
And, like the Sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful Ease, and Sweetness void of Pride,
Might hide her Faults, if *Belles* had Faults to hide:
If to her share some Female Errors fall,
Look on her Face, and you'll forget 'em all.

This Nymph, to the Destruction of Mankind,
Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal Curls, and well conspir'd to deck
With shining Ringlets her smooth Iv'ry Neck.
Love in these Labyrinths his Slaves detains,
And mighty Hearts are held in slender Chains.
With hairy Sprindges we the Birds betray,
Slight Lines of Hair surprize the Finny Prey,

Fair

Fair Treffes Man's Imperial Race insnare,
And Beauty draws us with a single Hair.

Th' Adventrous *Baron* the bright Locks admir'd,
He saw, he wish'd, and to the Prize aspir'd:
Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By Force to ravish, or by Fraud betray;
For when Success a Lover's Toil attends,
Few ask, if Fraud or Force attain'd his Ends.

For this, e're *Phæbus* rose, he had implor'd
Propitious Heav'n, and ev'ry Pow'r ador'd,
But chiefly *Love*---to *Love* an Altar built,
Of twelve vast *French* Romances, neatly gilt.
There lay the Sword-knot *Sylvia's* Hands had sown,
With *Flavia's* Busk that oft had rapp'd his own:
A Fan, a Garter, half a Pair of Gloves;
And all the Trophies of his former Loves.
With tender *Billet-doux* he lights the Pyre,
And breaths three am'rous Sighs to raise the Fire.

Then

Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent Eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the Prize:
The Pow'rs gave Ear, and granted half his Pray'r,
The rest, the Winds dispers'd in empty Air.

But now secure the painted Vessel glides,
The Sun-beams trembling on the floating Tydes,
While melting Musick steals upon the Sky,
And soften'd Sounds along the Waters die.
Smooth flow the Waves, the Zephyrs gently play
Belinda smil'd, and all the World was gay.
All but the *Sylph*----With careful Thoughts oppress'd,
Th' impending Woe fate heavy on his Breast.
He summons strait his Denizens of Air;
The lucid Squadrons round the Sails repair:
Soft o'er the Shrouds Aerial Whispers breath,
That seem'd but *Zephyrs* to the Train beneath.
Some to the Sun their Insect-Wings unfold,
Waft on the Breeze, or sink in Clouds of Gold,

Tran-

Transparent Forms, too fine for mortal Sight,
 Their fluid Bodies half dissolv'd in Light.
 Loose to the Wind their airy Garments flew,
 Thin glitt'ring Textures of the filmy Dew;
 Dipt in the richest Tincture of the Skies,
 Where Light disports in ever-mingling Dies,
 While ev'ry Beam new transient Colours flings,
 Colours that change whene'er they wave their
 Amid the Circle, on the gilded Mast, [Wings.
 Superior by the Head, was *Ariel* plac'd;
 His Purple Pinions opening to the Sun,
 He rais'd his Azure Wand, and thus begun.

Ye *Sylphs* and *Sylphids*, to your Chief give Ear,
Fays, *Fairies*, *Genii*, *Elves*, and *Dæmons* hear!
 Ye know the Spheres and various Tasks assign'd,
 By Laws Eternal, to th' Aerial Kind.
 Some in the Fields of purest *Æther* play,
 And bask and whiten in the Blaze of Day.

Some

Some guide the Course of wandring Orbs on high,
Or roll the Planets thro' the boundless Sky.
Some less refin'd, beneath the Moon's pale Light
Hover, and catch the shooting Stars by Night;
Or suck the Mists in grosser Air below,
Or dip their Pinions in the painted Bow,
Or brew fierce Tempests on the wintry Main,
Or on the Glebe distill the kindly Rain.
Others on Earth o'er human Race preside,
Watch all their Ways, and all their Actions guide:
Of these the Chief the Care of Nations own,
And guard with Arms Divine the *British Throne*.

Our humbler Province is to tend the Fair,
Not a less pleasing, tho' less glorious Care.
To save the Powder from too rude a Gale,
Nor let th' imprison'd Essences exhale,
To draw fresh Colours from the vernal Flow'rs,
To steal from Rainbows ere they drop in Show'rs

A brighter Wash; to curl their waving Hairs,
 Assist their Blushes, and inspire their Airs;
 Nay oft, in Dreams, Invention we bestow,
 To change a *Flounce*, or add a *Furbelo*.

This Day, black Omens threat the brightest Fair
 That e'er deserv'd a watchful Spirit's Care;
 Some dire Disaster, or by Force, or Slight,
 But what, or where, the Fates have wrapt in Night.
 Whether the Nymph shall break *Diana's* Law,
 Or some frail *China* Jar receive a Flaw,
 Or stain her Honour, or her new Brocade,
 Forget her Pray'rs, or miss a Masquerade,
 Or lose her Heart, or Necklace, at a Ball;
 Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that *Shock* must fall.
 Haste then ye Spirits! to your Charge repair;
 The flutt'ring Fan be *Zephyretta's* Care;
 The Drops to thee, *Brillante*, we consign;
 And *Momentilla*, let the Watch be thine;

Do thou, *Crispissa*, tend her fav'rite Lock ;
Ariel himself shall be the Guard of Shock.

To Fifty chosen *Sylphs*, of special Note,
We trust th' important Charge, the *Petticoat* :
Oft have we known that sev'nfold Fence to fail,
Tho' stiff with Hoops, and arm'd with Ribs of ^{[Whale.}
Form a strong Line about the Silver Bound,
And guard the wide Circumference around.

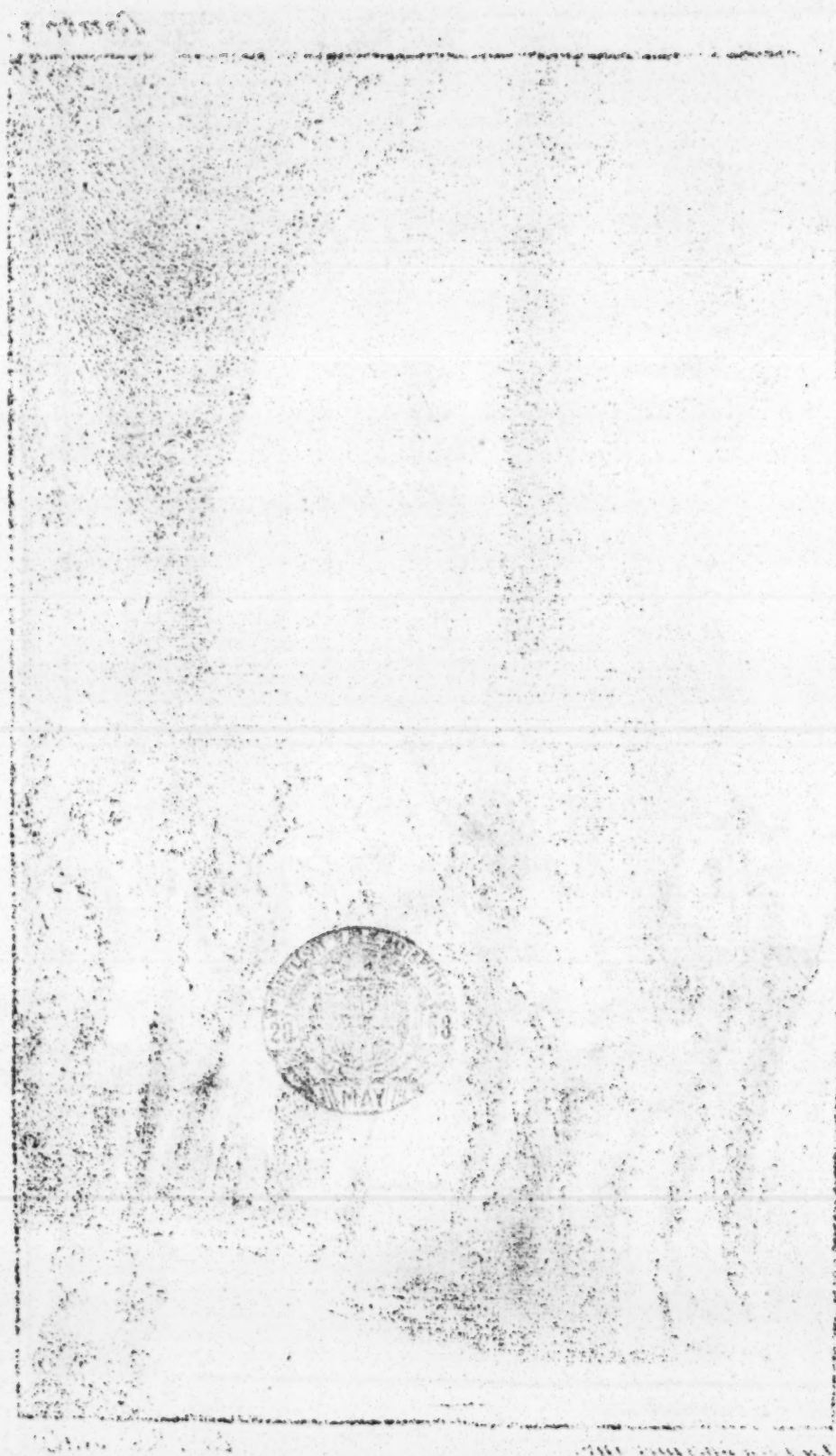
Whatever Spirit, careless of his Charge,
His Post neglects, or leaves the Fair at large,
Shall feel sharp Vengeance soon o'ertake his Sins,
Be stopt in *Vials*, or transfixt with *Pins* ;
Or plung'd in Lakes of bitter *Washes* lie,
Or wedg'd whole Ages in a *Bodkin's* Eye :
Gums and *Pomatum*s shall his Flight restrain,
While clog'd he beats his silken Wings in vain ;
Or *Alom-Stypticks* with contracting Power
Shrink his thin Essence like a rivell'd Flower.

Or as *Ixion* fix'd, the Wretch shall feel
The giddy Motion of the whirling Mill,
Midst Fumes of burning Chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the Sea that froaths below !

He spoke; the Spirits from the Sails descend;
Some, Orb in Orb, around the Nymph extend,
Some thrid the mazy Ringlets of her Hair,
Some hang upon the Pendants of her Ear;
With beating Hearts the dire Event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the Birth of Fate.

T H E

E



Canto 3.



Lud. Du Guernier inv.

C. Du Bose sculp.

T
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D

THE

RAPE of the LOCK.

CANTO III.

CLOSE by those Meads for ever crown'd with ^{[Flow'rs,}
 Where *Thames* with Pride surveys his rising ^{[Tow'rs,}
 There stands a Structure of Majestick Frame,
 Which from the neighb'ring *Hampton* takes its ^{[Name,}
 Here *Britain's* Statesmen oft the Fall foredoom
 Of Foreign Tyrants, and of Nymphs at home;
 Here Thou, great *Anna!* whom three Realms obey,
 Dost sometimes Counsel take---and sometimes *Tea.*

Hither the Heroes and the Nymphs resort,
 To taste awhile the Pleasures of a Court;
 In various Talk th' instructive hours they pass,
 Who gave a *Ball*, or paid the *Visit* last:
 One speaks the Glory of the *British Queen*,
 And one describes a charming *Indian Screen*;
 A third interprets Motions, Looks, and Eyes;
 At ev'ry Word a Reputation dies.
Snuff, or the *Fan*, supply each Pause of Chat,
 With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

Mean while declining from the Noon of Day,
 The Sun obliquely shoots his burning Ray;
 The hungry Judges soon the Sentence sign,
 And Wretches hang that Jury-men may Dine;
 The Merchant from th' *Exchange* returns in Peace,
 And the long Labours of the *Toilette* cease ———
Belinda now, whom Thirst of Fame invites,
 Burns to encounter two adventrous Knights,

At

At *Ombre* singly to decide their Doom;
And swells her Breast with Conquests yet to come.
Strait the three Bands prepare in Arms to join,
Each Band the number of the Sacred Nine.
Soon as she spreads her Hand, th' Aerial Guard
Descend, and sit on each important Card:
First *Ariel* perch'd upon a *Matadore*,
Then each, according to the Rank they bore;
For *Sylphs*, yet mindful of their ancient Race,
Are, as when Women, wondrous fond of Place.

Behold, four *Kings* in Majesty rever'd,
With hoary Whiskers and a forky Beard;
And four fair *Queens* whose hands sustain a Flow'r,
Th' expressive Emblem of their softer Pow'r;
Four *Knives* in Garbs succinct, a trusty Band,
Caps on their heads, and Halberds in their hand;
And Particolour'd Troops, a shining Train,
Draw forth to Combat on the Velvet Plain.

The skilful Nymph reviews her Force with Care;
Let Spades be Trumps, she said, and Trumps they were.
Now move to War her Sable *Matadores*,
In Show like Leaders of the swarthy *Moors*.
Spadillio first, unconquerable Lord!
Led off two captive Trumps, and swept the Board.
As many more *Manillio* forc'd to yield,
And march'd a Victor from the verdant Field.
Him *Basto* follow'd, but his Fate more hard
Gain'd but one Trump and one *Plebeian* Card.
With his broad Sabre next, a Chief in Years,
The hoary Majesty of *Spades* appears;
Puts forth one manly Leg, to fight reveal'd;
The rest his many-colour'd Robe conceal'd.
The Rebel-*Knave*, that dares his Prince engage,
Proves the just Victim of his Royal Rage.
Ey'n mighty *Pam* that Kings and Queens o'erthrew,
And mow'd down Armies in the Fights of *Lu*,
Sad Chance of War! now, destitute of Aid,
Falls undistinguish'd by the Victor *Spade*!

Thus

Thus far both Armies to *Belinda* yield ;
Now to the *Baron* Fate inclines the Field.
His warlike *Amazon* her Host invades,
Th' Imperial Consort of the Crown of *Spades*.
The *Club's* black Tyrant first her Victim dy'd,
Spite of his haughty Mien, and barb'rous Pride:
What boots the Regal Circle on his Head,
His Giant Limbs in State unwieldy spread ?
That long behind he trails his pompous Robe,
And of all Monarchs only grasps the Globe ?

The *Baron* now his *Diamonds* pours apace ;
Th' embroider'd *King* who shows but half his Face,
And his refulgent *Queen*, with Pow'rs combin'd,
Of broken Troops an easie Conquest find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild Disorder seen,
With Throngs promiscuous strow the level Green
Thus when dispers'd a routed Army runs,
Of *Asia's* Troops, and *Africk's* Sable Sons,

With like Confusion different Nations fly,
In various Habits and of various Dye,
The pierc'd Battalions dis-united fall,
In Heaps on Heaps; one Fate o'erwhelms them all.

The *Knave of Diamonds* now exerts his Arts,
And wins (oh shameful Chance!) the *Queen of Hearts*.
At this, the Blood the Virgin's Cheek forsook,
A livid Paleness spreads o'er all her Look;
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching Ill,
Just in the Jaws of Ruin, and *Codille*.
And now, (as oft in some distemper'd State)
On one nice *Trick* depends the gen'ral Fate,
An *Ace* of Hearts steps forth: The *King* unseen
Lurk'd in her Hand, and mourn'd his captive *Queen*.
He springs to Vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like Thunder on the prostrate *Ace*.
The Nymph exulting fills with Shouts the Sky,
The Walls, the Woods, and long Canals reply.

Oh

Oh thoughtless Mortals! ever blind to Fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate!
Sudden these Honours shall be snatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this Victorious Day.

For lo! the Board with Cups and Spoons is ^{[crown'd,}
The Berries crackle, and the Mill turns round.
On shining Altars of *Japan* they raise
The silver Lamp, and fiery Spirits blaze.
From silver Spouts the grateful Liquors glide,
And *China's* Earth receives the smoking Tyde.
At once they gratify their Scent and Taste,
While frequent Cups prolong the rich Repast.
Strait hover round the Fair her Airy Band;
Some, as she sip'd, the fuming Liquor fann'd,
Some o'er her Lap their careful Plumes display'd,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich Brocade.
Coffee, (which makes the Politician wife,
And see thro' all things with his half shut Eyes)

Sent up in Vapours to the *Baron's* Brain
 New Stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain.
 Ah cease rash Youth! desist e'er 'tis too late,
 Fear the just Gods, and think of **Scylla's* Fate!
 Chang'd to a Bird, and sent to flit in Air,
 She dearly pays for *Nisus'* injur'd Hair!

But when to Mischief Mortals bend their Mind,
 How soon fit Instruments of Ill they find?
 Just then, *Clarissa* drew with tempting Grace
 A two-edg'd Weapon from her shining Case;
 So Ladies in Romance assist their Knight,
 Present the Spear, and arm him for the Fight.
 He takes the Gift with rev'rence, and extends
 The little Engine on his Finger's Ends,
 This just behind *Belinda's* Neck he spread,
 As o'er the fragrant Steams she bends her Head:
 Swift to the Lock a thousand Sprights repair,
 A thousand Wings, by turns, blow back the Hair,

* *Vide* Ovid. *Metam.* 8;

And

And thrice they twitch'd the Diamond in her Ear,
Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the Foe drew near.
Just in that instant, anxious *Ariel* fought
The close Recesses of the Virgin's Thought;
As on the Nosegay in her Breast reclin'd,
He watch'd th' Ideas rising in her Mind,
Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her Art,
An Earthly Lover lurking at her Heart.
Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his Pow'r expir'd,
Resign'd to Fate, and with a Sigh retir'd.

The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring *Forfex* wide,
T'inclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
Ev'n then, before the fatal Engine clos'd,
A wretched *Sylph* too fondly interpos'd;
Fate urg'd the Sheers, and cut the *Sylph* in twain,
(* But Airy Substance soon unites again)
The meeting Points the sacred Hair dissever
From the fair Head, for ever and for ever!

See Milton, *lib. 6.*

Then

Then flash'd the living Lightnings from her Eyes,
 And Screams of Horror rend th' affrighted Skies.
 Not louder Shrieks by Dames to Heav'n are cast,
 When Husbands or when Monkeys breath their last,
 Or when rich *China* Vessels, fal'n from high,
 In glittering Dust and painted Fragments lie!

Let Wreaths of Triumph now my Temples twine,
 (The Victor cry'd) the glorious Prize is mine!
 While Fish in Streams, or Birds delight in Air,
 Or in a Coach and Six the *British* Fair,
 As long as *Atalantis* shall be read,
 Or the small Pillow grace a Lady's Bed,
 While *Visits* shall be paid on solemn Days,
 When numerous Wax-lights in bright Order blaze,
 While Nymphs take Treats, or Assignations give,
 So long my Honour, Name, and Praise shall live!

What Time wou'd spare, from Steel receives its ^{[date,}
 And Monuments, like Men, submit to Fate!

Steel

Steel did the Labour of the Gods destroy,
And strike to Dust th' Imperial Tow'rs of *Troy*;
Steel cou'd the Works of mortal Pride confound,
And hew Triumphal Arches to the Ground. [feel
What Wonder then, fair Nymph! thy Hairs shou'd
The conqu'ring Force of unresisted Steel?

THE

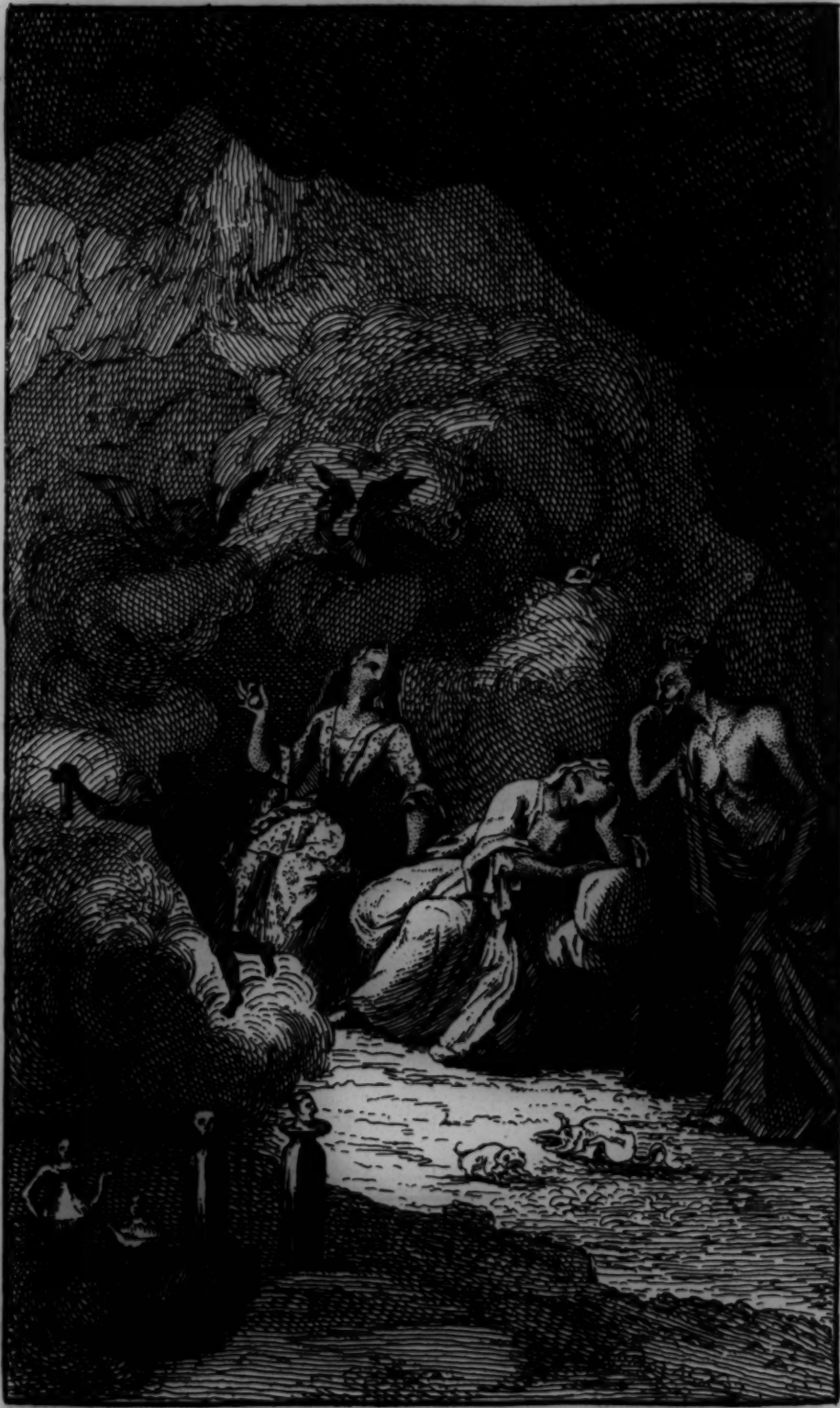
THE
 RAPE of the LOCK.

CANTO IV.

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 And secret Passions labour'd in her Breast.
 Not youthful Kings in Battel seiz'd alive,
 Not scornful Virgins who their Charms survive,
 Not ardent Lovers robb'd of all their Bliss,
 Not ancient Ladies when refus'd a Kifs,
 Not Tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
 Not *Cynthia* when her *Manteau's* pinn'd awry,

E'er

Canto 4.



Lud. Du Guernier inv.

C. Du Bosc sculp.

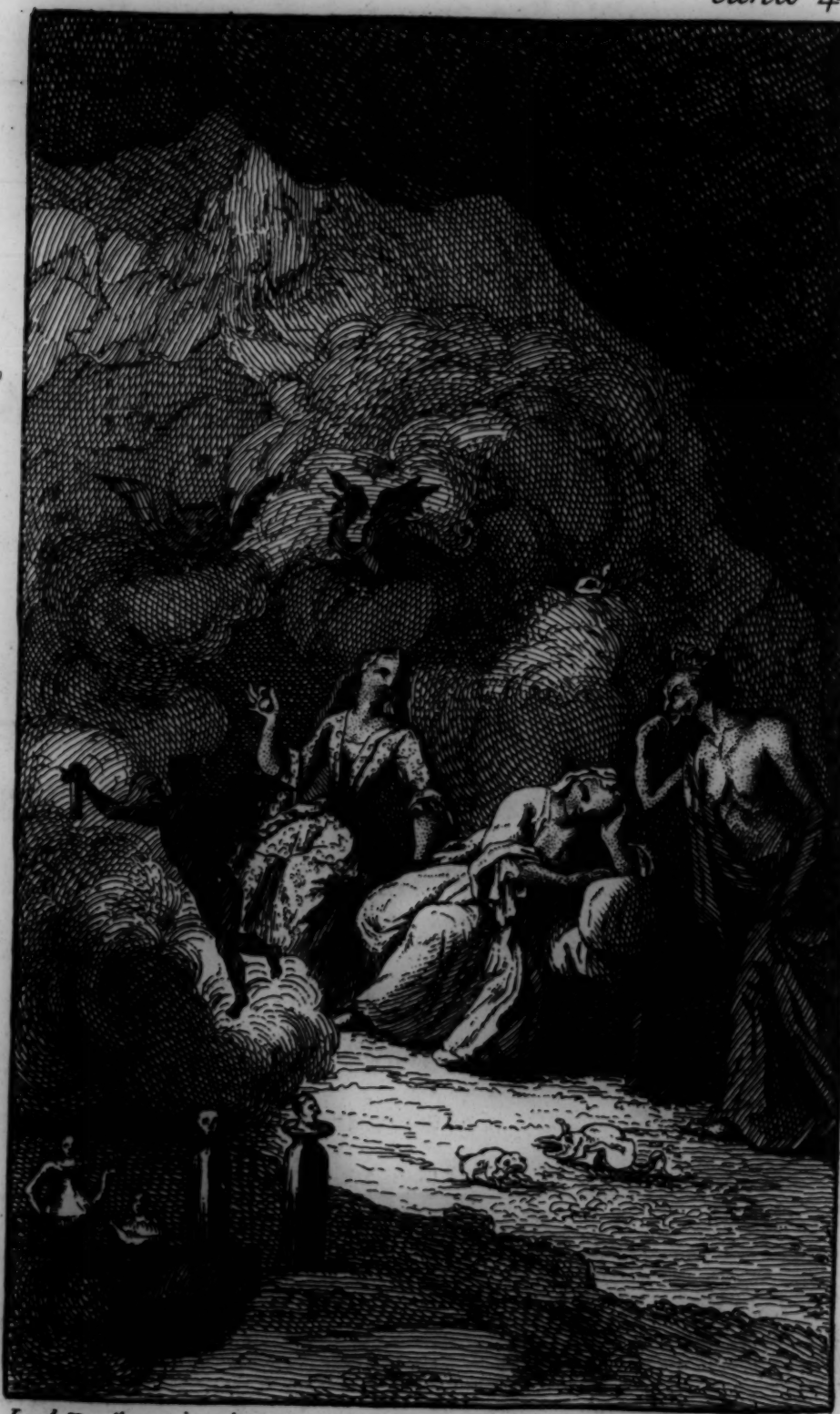
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Canto 4.



Lud. Du Guernier inv.

C. Du Bose sculp.



E'er felt such Rage, Resentment and Despair,
As Thou, sad Virgin! for thy ravish'd Hair.

For, that sad moment, when the *Sylphs* withdrew,
And *Ariel* weeping from *Belinda* flew,
Umbriel, a dusky melancholy Spright,
As ever sully'd the fair face of Light,
Down to the Central Earth, his proper Scene,
Repairs to search the gloomy Cave of *Spleen*.

Swift on his sooty Pinions flits the *Gnome*,
And in a Vapour reach'd the dismal Dome.
No cheerful Breeze this sullen Region knows,
The dreaded *East* is all the Wind that blows.
Here, in a Grotto, shelter'd close from Air,
And screen'd in Shades from Day's detested Glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive Bed,
Pain at her side, and *Languor* at her Head.

Two Handmaids wait the Throne: Alike in Place,
But differing far in Figure and in Face.

Here stood *Ill-nature* like an *ancient Maid*;
 Her wrinkled Form in *Black* and *White* array'd ;
 With store of Pray'rs, for Mornings, Nights, and ^{[Noons,}
 Her Hand is fill'd ; her Bosom with Lampoons.

There *Affectation* with a sickly Mien
 Shows in her Cheek the *Roses* of *Eighteen*,
 Practis'd to *Lisp*, and hang the Head aside,
 Faints into *Airs*, and languishes with *Pride* ;
 On the rich *Quilt* sinks with becoming *Woe*,
 Wrapt in a *Gown*, for *Sickness*, and for *Show*.
 The *Fair* ones feel such *Maladies* as these,
 When each new *Night-Dress* gives a new *Disease*.

A constant *Vapour* o'er the *Palace* flies ;
 Strange *Phantoms* rising as the *Mists* arise ;
 Dreadful, as *Hermit's* *Dreams* in haunted *Shades*,
 Or bright as *Visions* of expiring *Maids*.
 Now glaring *Fiends*, and *Snakes* on rolling *Spires*,
 Pale *Spectres*, gaping *Tombs*, and *Purple* *Fires* :

Now

Now Lakes of liquid Gold, *Elysian* Scenes,
And Crystal Domes, and Angels in Machines.

Unnumber'd Throngs on ev'ry side are seen
Of Bodies chang'd to various Forms by *Spleen*.
Here living *Teapots* stand, one Arm held out,
One bent; the Handle this, and that the Spout:
A Pipkin there like *Homer's Tripod* walks;
Here sighs a Jar, and there a Goose-pye talks;
Men prove with Child, as pow'rful Fancy works,
And Maids turn'd Bottels, call aloud for Corks.

Safe past the *Gnome* thro' this fantastick Band,
A Branch of healing *Spleenwort* in his hand.
Then thus address the Pow'r—Hail wayward
Who rule the Sex to Fifty from Fifteen, [Queen;
Parent of Vapors and of Female Wit,
Who give th' *Hysterick* or *Poetic* Fit,
On various Tempers act by various ways,
Make some take *Phy fick*, others scribble Plays;

D

Who

Who cause the Proud their Visits to delay,
And send the Godly in a Pett, to pray.
A Nymph there is, that all thy Pow'r disdains,
And thousands more in equal Mirth maintains.
But oh ! if e'er thy *Gnome* could spoil a Grace,
Or raise a Pimple on a beauteous Face,
Like Citron-Waters Matron's Checks inflame,
Or change Complexions at a losing Game;
If e'er with airy Horns I planted Heads,
Or rumbled Petticoats, or tumbled Beds,
Or caus'd Suspicion when no Soul was rude,
Or discompos'd the Head-dress of a Prude,
Or e'er to costive Lap-Dog gave Disease,
Which not the Tears of brightest Eyes could ease:
Hear me, and touch *Belinda* with Chagrin;
That single Act gives half the World the Spleen.

The Goddess with a discontented Air
Seems to reject him, tho' she grants his Pray'r.

A wondrous Bag with both her Hands she binds,
Like that where once *Ulyffes* held the Winds;
There she collects the Force of Female Lungs,
Sighs, Sobs, and Passions, and the War of Tongues.
A Vial next she fills with fainting Fears,
Soft Sorrows, melting Griefs, and flowing Tears.
The *Gnome* rejoicing bears her Gift away,
Spreads his black Wings, and slowly mounts to Day.

Sunk in *Thalestris*' Arms the Nymph he found,
Her Eyes dejected and her Hair unbound.
Full o'er their Heads the swelling Bag he rent,
And all the Furies issued at the Vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal Ire,
And fierce *Thalestris* fans the rising Fire.
O wretched Maid! she spread her hands, and cry'd,
(While *Hampton*'s Ecchos, wretched Maid reply'd)
Was it for this you took such constant Care
The *Bodkin*, *Comb*, and *Essence* to prepare;

For this your Locks in Paper-Durance bound,
For this with tort'ring Irons wreath'd around?
For this with Fillets strain'd your tender Head,
And bravely bore the double Loads of Lead?
Gods! shall the Ravisher display your Hair,
While the Fops envy, and the Ladies stare!
Honour forbid! at whose unrival'd Shrine
Ease, Pleasure, Virtue, All, our Sex resign.
Methinks already I your Tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say,
Already see you a degraded Toast,
And all your Honour in a Whisper lost!
How shall I, then, your helpless Fame defend?
'Twill then be Infamy to seem your Friend!
And shall this Prize, th' inestimable Prize,
Expos'd thro' Crystal to the gazing Eyes,
And heighten'd by the Diamond's circling Rays,
On that Rapacious Hand for ever blaze?
Sooner shall Grass in *Hide-Park Circus* grow,
And Wits take Lodgings in the Sound of *Bow*;
Sooner

Sooner let Earth, Air, Sea, to *Chaos* fall,
Men, Monkeys, Lap-dogs, Parrots, perish all!

She said; then raging to *Sir Plume* repairs,
And bids her *Beau* demand the precious Hairs:
(*Sir Plume*, of *Amber Snuff-box* justly vain,
And the nice Conduct of a *clouded Cane*)

With earnest Eyes, and round unthinking Face,
He first the Snuff-box open'd, then the Case,

And thus broke out--- " My Lord, why, what the ^{[Devil ?}

" Z---ds! damn the Lock! 'fore Gad, you must be ^{[civil!}

" Plague on't! 'tis past a Jest---nay prithee, Pox!

" Give her the Hair---he spoke, and rapp'd his Box.

It grieves me much (reply'd the Peer again)
Who speaks so well shou'd ever speak in vain.
But * by this Lock, this sacred Lock I swear.
(Which never more shall join its parted Hair,

D 3

Which

* In allusion to Achilles's Oath in Homer. *Il.* 1.

Which never more its Honours shall renew,
 Clipt from the lovely Head where once it grew)
 That while my Nostrils draw the vital Air,
 This Hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.
 He spoke, and speaking in proud Triumph spread
 The long-contended Honours of her Head.

But *Umbriel*, hateful *Gnome* ! forbears not so ;
 He breaks the Vial whence the Sorrows flow.
 Then see ! the *Nymph* in beauteous Grief appears,
 Her Eyes half languishing, half drown'd in Tears ;
 On her heav'd Bosom hung her drooping Head,
 Which, with a Sigh, she rais'd ; and thus she said.

For ever curs'd be this detested Day,
 Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite Curl away !
 Happy ! ah ten times happy, had I been,
 If *Hampton-Court* these Eyes had never seen !
 Yet am not I the first mistaken Maid,
 By Love of *Courts* to num'rous Ills betray'd.

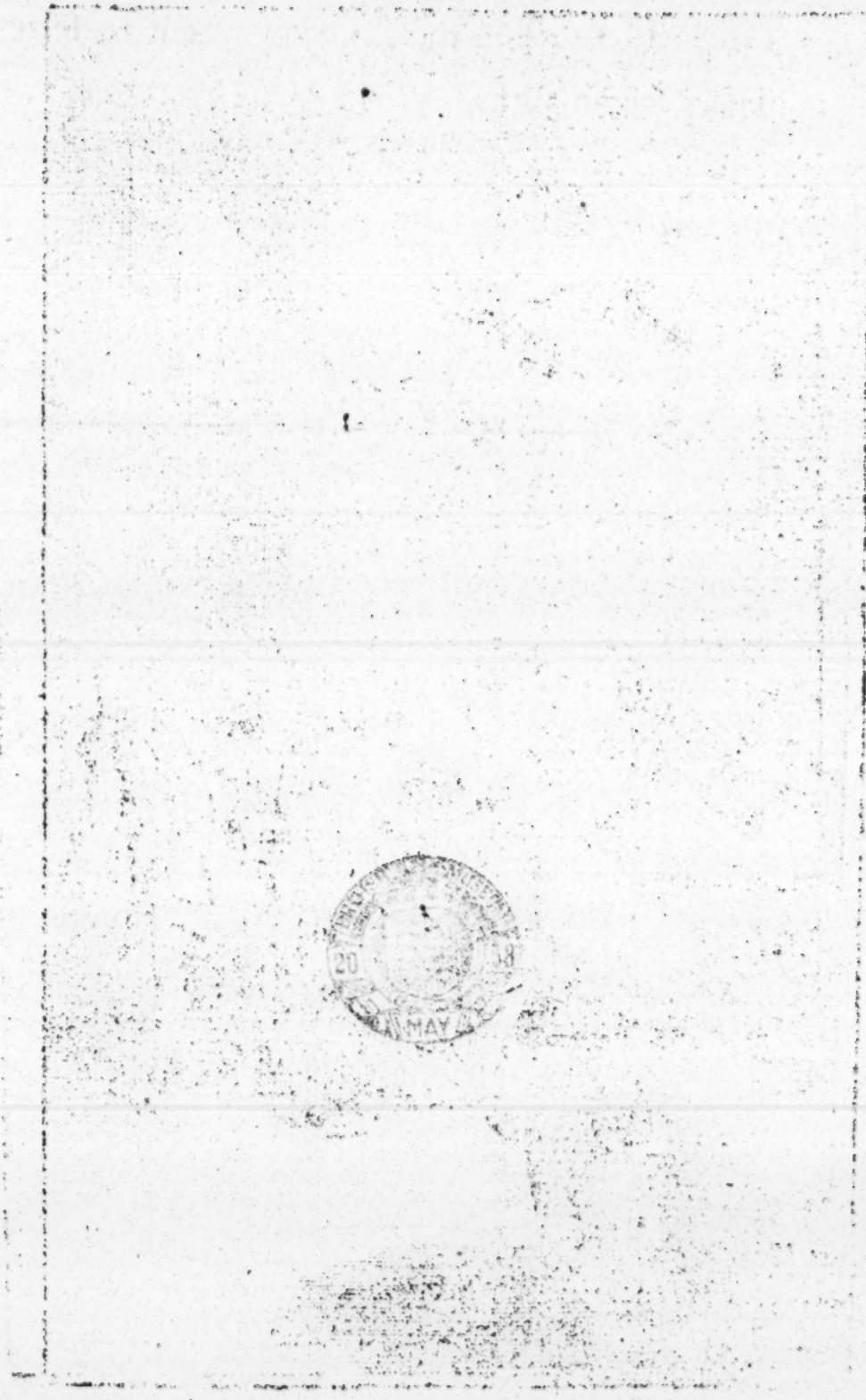
Oh

Oh had I rather un-admir'd remain'd
In some lone Isle, or distant *Northern* Land;
Where the gilt *Chariot* never mark'd the way,
Where none learn *Ombre*, none e'er taste *Bohea*!
There kept my Charms conceal'd from mortal Eye,
Like *Roses* that in *Desarts* bloom and die.
What mov'd my Mind with youthful Lords to rome?
O had I stay'd, and said my Pray'rs at home!
'Twas this, the Morning *Omens* did foretel;
Thrice from my trembling hand the *Patch-box* fell;
The tott'ring *China* shook without a Wind,
Nay, *Poll* fate mute, and *Shock* was most Unkind!
A *Sylph* too warn'd me of the Threats of Fate,
In mystic Visions, now believ'd too late!
See the poor Remnants of this flighted Hair!
My hands shall rend what ev'n thy own did spare.
This, in two fable Ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new Beauties to the snowie Neck.
The Sister-Lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its Fellow's Fate foresees its own;

40 *The R A P E of the L O C K.*

Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal Sheers demands ;
And tempts once more thy sacrilegious Hands.
Oh hadst thou, Cruel! been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any Hairs but these!

T H E





Lud. Du Guernier inv.

C. Du Bose sculp.

THE
RAPE of the LOCK.

CANTO V.

SHE said: the pitying Audience melt in Tears,
But *Fate* and *Jove* had stopp'd the *Baron's* Ears.
In vain *Thalestris* with Reproach affails,
For who can move when fair *Belinda* fails?
Not half so fixt the *Trojan* cou'd remain,
While *Anna* begg'd and *Dido* rag'd in vain.
To Arms, to Arms! the bold *Thalestris* cries,
And swift as Lightning to the Combate flies.

All side in Parties, and begin th' Attack ;
 Fans clap, Silks ruffle, and tough Whalebones crack ;
 Heroes and Heroins Shouts confus'dly rise,
 And base, and treble Voices strike the Skies.
 No common Weapons in their Hands are found,
 Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal Wound.

* So when bold *Homer* makes the Gods engage,
 And heav'nly Breasts with human Passions rage ;
 'Gainst *Pallas*, *Mars* ; *Latona*, *Hermes*, Arms ;
 And all *Olympus* rings with loud Alarms.
Jove's Thunder roars, Heav'n trembles all around ;
 Blue *Neptune* storms, the bellowing Deeps resound ;
Earth shakes her nodding Tow'rs, the Ground ^{[gives way:}
 And the pale Ghosts start at the Flash of Day !

Triumphant *Umbriel* on a Sconce's Height
 Clapt his glad Wings, and sate to view the Fight,
 Propt on their Bodkin Spears the Sprights survey
 The growing Combat, or assist the Fray.

* *Homer. Il. 20.*

While thro' the Press enrag'd *Thalestris* flies,
And scatters Deaths around from both her Eyes,
A *Beau* and *Witling* perish'd in the Throng,
One dy'd in *Metaphor*, and one in *Song*.
O cruel *Nymph* ! a living *Death* I bear,
Cry'd *Dapperwit*, and sunk beside his Chair.
A mournful Glance *Sir Fopling* upwards cast,
* *Those Eyes are made so killing* —— was his last :
Thus on *Meander's* flow'ry Margin lies
Th' expiring *Swan*, and as he sings he dies.

As bold *Sir Plume* had drawn *Clarissa* down,
Chloe stept in, and kill'd him with a Frown ;
She smil'd to see the doughty Hero slain,
But at her Smile, the *Beau* reviv'd again.

† Now *Jove* suspends his golden Scales in Air,
Weighs the Mens Wits against the Lady's Hair ;
The

* *A Song in the Opera of Camilla.*

† *Vid. Homer Il. 22. & Virg. Æn. 12.*

The doubtful Beam long nods from side to side ;
At length the Wits mount up, the Hairs subside.

See fierce *Belinda* on the *Baron* flies,
With more than usual Lightning in her Eyes ;
Nor fear'd the Chief th' unequal Fight to try,
Who fought no more than on his Foe to die.
But this bold Lord, with manly Strength indu'd,
She with one Finger and a Thumb subdu'd :
Just where the Breath of Life his Nostrils drew,
A Charge of *Snuff* the wily Virgin threw ;
The *Gnomes* direct, to ev'ry Atome just,
The pungent Grains of titillating Dust.
Sudden, with starting Tears each Eye o'erflows,
And the high Dome re-ecchoes to his Nose.

Now meet thy Fate, th' incens'd Virago cry'd,
And drew a deadly *Bodkin* from her Side.

(* The same, his ancient Personage to deck,
Her great great Grandfire wore about his Neck

* *In Imitation of the Progress of Agamemnon's Scepter in Homer, Il. 2;*

In three *Seal-Rings*; which after melted down,
Form'd a vast *Buckle* for his Widow's Gown:
Her infant Grandame's *Whistle* next it grew,
The *Bells* she gingled, and the *Whistle* blew;
Then in a *Bodkin* grac'd her Mother's Hairs,
Which long she wore, and now *Belinda* wears.)

Boast not my Fall (he cry'd) insulting Foe!
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty Mind,
All that I dread, is leaving you behind!
Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
And burn in *Cupid's* Flames, — but burn alive.

Restore the Lock! she cries; and all around
Restore the Lock! the vaulted Roofs rebound.
Not fierce *Othello* in so loud a Strain
Roar'd for the Handkerchief that caus'd his Pain.
But see how oft Ambitious Aims are cross'd,
And Chiefs contend 'till all the Prize is lost!

The

The Lock, obtain'd with Guilt, and kept with Pain,
 In ev'ry place is fought, but fought in vain:
 With such a Prize no Mortal must be blest,
 So Heav'n decrees! with Heav'n who can contest?

Some thought it mounted to the Lunar Sphere,
 * Since all things lost on Earth, are treasur'd there.
 There Heroe's Wits are kept in pondrous Vases,
 And Beau's in *Snuff-boxes* and *Tweezer-Cases*.
 There broken Vows, and Death-bed Alms are found,
 And Lovers Hearts with Ends of Riband bound;
 The Courtiers Promises, and Sick Man's Pray'rs,
 The Smiles of Harlots, and the Tears of Heirs,
 Cages for Gnats, and Chains to Yoak a Flea;
 Dry'd Butterflies, and Tomes of Casuistry.

But trust the Muse — she saw it upward rise,
 Tho' mark'd by none but quick Poetic Eyes:
 (So *Rome's* great Founder to the Heav'ns withdrew,
 To *Proculus* alone confess'd in view.)

* *Vid.* Ariosto. Canto 34.

A sudden Star, it shot thro' liquid Air,
And drew behind a radiant *Trail of Hair*.
Not *Berenice's* Locks first rose so bright,
The Skies bespangling with dishevel'd Light.
The *Sylphs* behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd pursue its Progress thro' the Skies.

This the *Beau-monde* shall from the *Mall* survey,
And hail with Musick its propitious Ray.
This, the blest Lover shall for *Venus* take,
And send up Vows from *Rosamonda's* Lake.
This *Partridge* soon shall view in cloudless Skies,
When next he looks thro' *Galileo's* Eyes;
And hence th' Egregious Wizard shall foredoom
The Fate of *Louis*, and the Fall of *Rome*.

Then cease, bright Nymph! to mourn the ravish'd
Which adds new Glory to the shining Sphere!
Not all the Tresses that fair Head can boast
Shall draw such Envy as the Lock you lost.

For,

48 *The R A P E of the L O C K.*

For, after all the Murders of your Eye,
When, after Millions slain, your self shall die ;
When those fair Suns shall sett, as sett they must,
And all those Tresses shall be laid in Dust;
This Lock, the Muse shall consecrate to Fame,
And mid't the Stars inscribe *Belinda's* Name !

F I N I S.



2



62/11.